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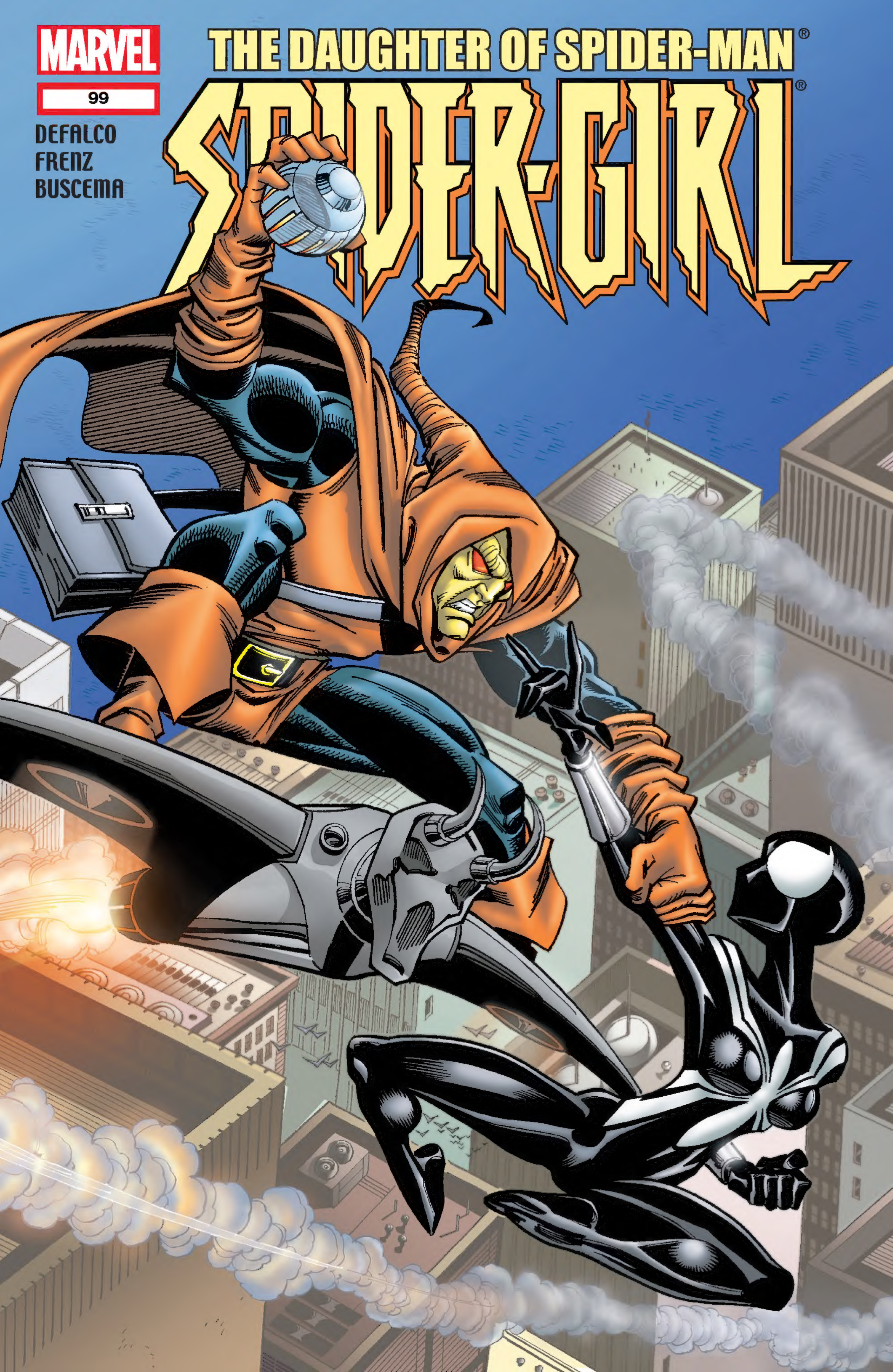
THE DAUGHTER OF SPIDER-MAN®

SPIDER-GIRL®



The daughter of the original Spider-Man, May "Mayday" Parker has inherited her father's amazing powers. Possessing the proportionate strength, speed, and agility of a spider, as well as the ability to cling to walls, she now follows in his web-lines.

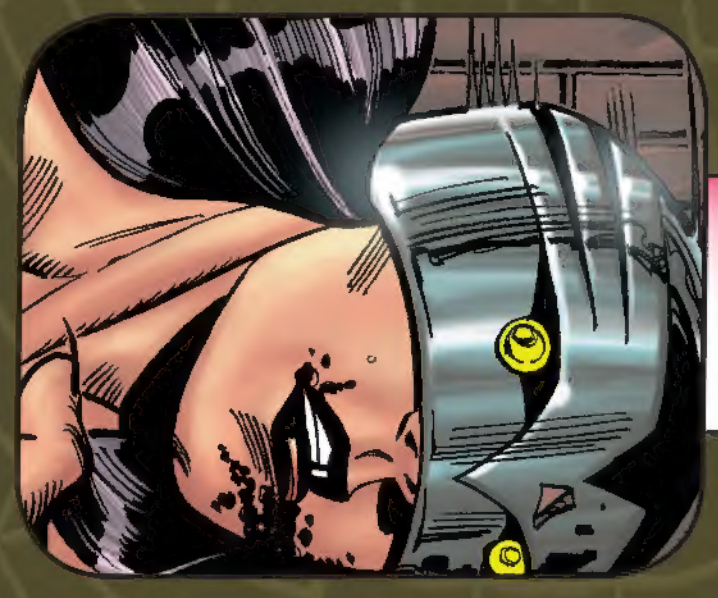
SPIDER-GIRL

PREVIOUSLY

During an encounter with *Kaine*, *Spider-Girl* experiences one of his precognitive flashes and sees herself being murdered by a member of the crime cult called the *Scriers*.

After being attacked and almost killed by a *Scrier*, she changes into her black costume in an attempt to circumvent the prophecy.

When he learns that his daughter lied to him about *Normie Osborn* and the *Venom Symbiote*, *Peter Parker* confiscates her web-shooters and forbids her to continue as *Spider-Girl*.



Hired by the *Scriers* to destroy *Spider-Girl* and *Kaine*, *Roderick Kingsley*, the original Hobgoblin, launches his first deadly assault.

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FAMILY TIES!

Your name is *May "Mayday" Parker.*

You are the daughter of ***Spider-Man,*** and you're suddenly in the middle of a ***war!***

White female with multiple lacerations, dislocated left arm and shattered right hip.

May have severe internal bleeding, and her BP is falling.

First, an international crime cartel called the ***Scriers*** marks you for death--

--and then one of your father's old enemies, someone claiming to be the original ***Hobgoblin,*** appears out of nowhere and attacks ***Raptor,*** the ***Buzz*** and both ***Ladyhawks.***

The Buzz's battle armor protected him from suffering any serious injuries, and he was picked up by a friend.

Unfortunately, the others weren't nearly as lucky.

The ***Hobgoblin*** also had the audacity to use Raptor's cell phone to speed-dial you and boast about his plans to slaughter everyone you love.

Spider-Girl!

Mr. Osborn!

I am ***Captain Ruiz*** from Midtown South, and this is ***Lieutenant Yaneski*** of Code: Blue.

We need to ask you some questions about these assaults.

Not so fast, Captain. I am ***Special Agent Arthur Weadon.***

Osborn and the victim identified as ***Raptor*** are members of a federal anti-terrorist team, and that gives ***me*** jurisdiction here.

This is no time for a turf war, Weadon. Three people were almost beaten to death.

I still need to debrief my agents before I can allow you access.

While a ***maniac*** runs wild?!

ZZZZZZZZZ

H-hello--?!

May, please tell me you're home. I need to know you're safe.

I'm at a crime scene. Someone seems to be targeting young costumed adventurers.

He said his name is ***Hobgoblin*** and that he's going to torture all my--***oh, no!***

Dad, is ***Uncle Phil*** with you?

CSU

H-he got a call a few minutes ago...and had to leave.

What's this about *Hobgoblin?*

He disappeared years ago.

Don't tell me you're involved with him, too! You're supposed to be grounded, young lady.

Absolutely no web-swinging until--*May?*

May--?!

You already hung up, *didn't you?*

Answer the phone, Uncle Phil.

Please answer the phone!

While he's no blood relative, *Phil Urich* is the next best thing.

He is also the new *Green Goblin.*

Hey, May!

I just arrived at my warehouse. I was about to ring you.

You'll *never* guess who called.

Was it *Hobgoblin?*

You also heard from him?

I assume it's just some wannabe who's poaching the name, but he did challenge the *Green Goblin* to a fight.

Listen to me, Uncle Phil-- *you're in great danger!*

I don't know if this clown is the real deal or not...

...but he's already sent *Raptor* and both *Ladyhawks* to the emergency room.

Are you *serious?*

When did this--

Uh-oh!

Uncle Phil--?

Uncle PHIL--?!

Normie! Kaine! I think ***Hobgoblin*** is going after ***Phil Urich.***

B-but Raptor's still in surgery.

You stay here.

Webs and I will go.

Hold on, Kaine! We need to call for backup and formulate a battle plan.

How's about you formulate--

--and I just pound him till he squeals!

Any idea why Hobgoblin's targeting a nobody like Urich?

H-he's a forensic scientist. He often helps me and Normie.

Great! You might have just blown Phil's secret identity.

But that's still better than him losing his life!

Try to keep up, Kaine! My dad snatched my ***web-shooters*** when he grounded me--

--so I'm going to make like a pinball and ricochet from rooftop to rooftop.

Meanwhile...

This is quite disappointing.

SPLATCH!

When my pet *Scrier* informed me that his street spies had discovered the *Green Goblin's* secret headquarters, I assumed I would meet young *Osborn* here.

My dealings with his grandfather ended rather unsatisfactorily, and I am anxious to make his acquaintance.

I don't know who you are, young man. Nor do I care.

You are obviously an associate of young Osborn. I'm sure he'll get the appropriate message.

Please excuse me if I seem a bit rushed.

I must also attend to a family matter.

TWAM! THWAKK! TWAM!

KWAM! KWAK! KWOOOM!

PWOOM! PWOD! PWAK!

Phil Urich was barely out of his teens when he donned his first costume.

It didn't work out well.

Neither did any of the other costumed identities he assumed over the years.

He was so proud when Normie allowed him to assume the mantle of the *Green Goblin.*

You pray that pride hasn't led him to a fall.

SWISH!

UNCLE PHIL--!

Where ARE you, Uncle Phil?

G-get out of here, May!

GO!

S-save yourself!

Hobgoblin *rigged* the place--

--and it's set to *explode!*

KLIK

VREEEEEEE

WHARRRR

You ignore it, assuming it's either *Hobgoblin* or your dad.

Leave a message...

Hi, May. I've been trying to call you for the past few hours or so, but I keep getting your voice mail.

If I were the paranoid type, I'd think you were screening.

Anyway...it's *Courtney*. Things have gotten kind of crazy here.

Moose and his brothers have decided to move into his uncle's place in Jersey while their dad's recuperating in the hospital.

I know this is awfully last-minute, but the gang and I are going to toss the big guy a farewell party later tonight.

Please come...for Moose's sake.

What's the word, Court? You manage to reach Mayday?

No, but I did leave a message.

I really hope she can make it.

Yeah...

...I know how you *feel* about her.

No!

NO!

NO!

These bills are *killing* me.

My receivables just can't keep pace with my costs.

How's an honest businessman supposed to survive?

Since when have YOU been honest?

BWOOOM!

You *betrayed* me, Daniel!

You sold out your own brother and testified against me...*for WHAT?!*

To become a second-rate rag merchant who struggles to pay the rent?

R-Roderick, is it really *you?!*

Yes, dear brother, I have returned...with a ***vengeance!***

I could have made you ***great,*** Daniel.

The two of us could have ***ruled*** this city, but you were too ***weak.***

Too cowardly!

KEEERASSH!

I'm glad to see my family isn't the only one with issues.

Stop him! He's trying to kill me.

SHUT UP DANIEL!

I'll attend to you after I've disposed of this *Sesame Street Spider-Person.*

THWAKK!

Not that it matters.

I intend to cause you some serious pain, little girl.

I will also hunt your father down--

--and he'll suffer even *worse.*

Does your father know you're wearing a version of his old black costume?

I was under the impression it symbolized a period of his life he'd rather forget.

Doctors say you'll be as good as new.

ICAL CEN

W-what about the others?

One of the Ladyhawks is still in surgery. The other's out of danger.

I love you, Brenda. I don't want you risking your life anymore.

It's time you gave up being ***Raptor*** and settled down.

I'm tired of waiting. I want to get married now. ***Here!***

I've already made the arrange-ments.

I know it won't be the wedding you imagined, but the minister will perform the ceremony later tonight.

Oh, Norman-- ***I can't wait!***

Can I kiss the bride?

You'd better!

More than a few minutes later...

Osborn! I just heard from ***Kaine.*** He is already on his way to ***Kingsley Comfortware,*** and he's requesting backup.

I suggest we coordinate our efforts with the local police and--

With all due respect, Agent Weadon--

--NO ONE has to tell me how to avenge a loved one!

They just don't make ***super heroes*** like they used to, little girl.

Unlike you, your father was a skilled fighter--

--and could cast artificial webs.

He also fancied himself a wit.

I, however, only found him insipid.

I...I can dodge anything you toss at me.

Perhaps I should have mentioned that my ***razor-tipped bats*** are equipped with heat-seeking technology--

RIPPP!

SLASSH!

--and designed to ***swarm*** over their target.

Alas, your situation will only continue to ***deteriorate.***

KLZZKKK!

ARRRGH!

Between the bats and the smoke from the fire, you're probably feeling a little ***over-whelmed.***

I am willing to spare you any further injury or humiliation.

Just tell me where I can locate your father.

I'll even promise to show mercy to your *mother*--

--unless she, too, has taken up the family business.

Do not test my patience, child--

--I have absolutely no aversion to *violence.*

BRA-TA-TA-TA-TA

ZZZZZZ

You move instinctively--

--dodging his blasts as you desperately seek more room to maneuver!

KREEEESH!

Stand by, my brothers.

I believe our moment is at hand...

Just then, half a world away...

You have journeyed and suffered many hardships to reach the *Temple of the Sacred Scrier*--

--to plead for the life of *Spider-Girl*.

I truly wish I could grant this boon, old friend.

I cannot.

She is but a pawn in a much greater game.

For all I know, her life may already be forfeit.

You disappoint me, *Raza*.

I am sure you would have been notified if that were the case.

You realize, of course, that I will have to take the appropriate counter-measures.

Of course--

--which is why I already took the liberty of poisoning your tea.

Your death will be slow and painful.

I thought I tasted a hint of bitter almonds.

Did I ever mention that, as the *Black Tarantula*, I am immune to all poisons?

No, I'm sure I would have remembered.

No matter.

I also took *other* precautions.

These men are your most valued and trusted assassins.

Why trade their lives for a mere *pawn*?

You know that I will kill them all to save *Spider-Girl*.

You slip beneath the cornice of a building, flattening yourself against the wall so that you're hidden when the Hobgoblin flies past, but as you attempt to ambush him...

ZEEEEEEEE

What on earth--?!

Bad luck, little girl!

You should have known better than to bring a cell phone to a fight.

Although I suppose you young people can't conceive of being without one.

ZEEEEEEEE

ZEEEEEEEE

=gasp=

=choke=

T-the exhaust from his glider is making me dizzy.

I-it must contain some kind of knock-out gas.

That incessant buzzing is getting on my nerves, young lady.

If you don't have the courtesy to set your phone on vibrate, I'll attend to it myself.

WHOOOOM!

=UHHHHHHH=

I-I'm in free fall, and I'm headed for the street.

M-must try to somersault forward to reach the nearest rooftop or--

Why don't you just *give up* and *die* already?

You're starting to remind me of your father. I could never convince him to accept defeat.

=ARRRRK=

FWIP!

You're drugged, battered, bruised and barely conscious.

There's no point in continuing this charade.

Tell me where I can find your father--

--or I start taking you apart *limb* by *limb*.

Y-you don't have to worry about my dad.

T-trust me...

"...h-he'll make it his life's work to find you!"

Mary Jane, have you heard from May?

I've been trying to reach her all day, but she isn't answering her cell.

I've been having the same problem.

She was supposed to come home directly after school.

Something's wrong, Peter. I can tell from your expression.

H-has something happened to our daughter?

No, I...I'm probably just overreacting.

I'm sure she'll be fine.

That doesn't sound very reassuring.

Where are you going in such a rush?

To the attic!

You're starting to scare me, Peter. *Talk to me!* Tell me what's going on.

She's in danger, isn't she?

Yes, I'm afraid so.

But I can help her.

Peter, *no...NO!* You were almost killed the last time you put on that costume. You're out of shape and out of practice.

I have no choice, Mary Jane. For our daughter's sake--

--SPIDER-MAN must live again!

Why have you gone so quiet on me, child?

Have you lost *consciousness?*

Or had the good sense to finally die?

Don't feel bad, kid! You never had a chance against me.

You should have stayed home, dreaming of boys, dresses and dances.

Young girls just don't have the ***stamina*** for super-heroics.

Wanna BET?!

KRAK!

Looks like old men need more ***brains*** and less ***ego.***

WHAM!

WONKK!

How's it feel to get suckered by a sixteen-year-old?

I...I am afraid you have me at a disadvantage.

Do I know you?

Name's ***Kaine.***

Took me a while to catch up to you guys.

Guess you could call me the lady's backup.

You put one of my people in the hospital.

I'm here to return the favor.

Game's over, Hobgoblin!

Oh, ye of little faith...

NOW.

NOW!

On the rooftop, your ***spider-sense*** goes wild--

--and every rooftop shadow suddenly springs into life!

Scriers!

They must have been blanketing the neighborhood.

I should have--*of course!* The Hobgoblin's gas must have dulled my spider-sense.

Whatever!

You up for a little exercise, kid?

Like I really have a *choice!*

A rolling somersault takes out three more and a flurry of blows brings the count to seven.

Kaine, *behind you--!*

You lash out instinctively and two Scriers immediately fall.

Heads up, handsome!

I think your friend wants a piggyback ride.

Blast it, girl! This is no time for bad jokes.

These men are all highly trained assassins.

Kaine, i-it's *him--!*

For a moment, you stand frozen, rooted to the ground in fear.

Swell! You're starting to sound just like my dad--

You instantly recognize the *Scrier* racing toward you.

It is only a single moment--

--but that's all it *takes!*

For the glory of my sacred brotherhood--

--Spider-Girl must DIE!

NO!

To Be Concluded!

(In more ways than one!)